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[VOL. I.

POETRY.

MITHERHOOD.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN,

As dimpled han' is at my breast,
Where lay a beaded head at rest;
I leuk to see what it may mean,
An' meet twa roguish, twinklin' een.

Far aff in slumbers saft before,
Now pulling at luve's beating door;
And sure the eger han' will win,
And mither'll let the stranger in.

Nay, dinna pout, and dinna frown,
O' all my joys this is the crown;
To see thee in thy greedy strife,
Sae tuggin' at my very life.

Take in thy mou' my breastie's bud,
Draw through thy lips the snawy flood,
Ay, press me hard wi' toothless gums,
And dent me wi' thy tiny thumbs.

'Tis hiney sweet to min' thy whims,
To soothe thy rest wi' cradle-hymns,
To tumble thee in gladsome play,
An' bear thee on my heart a' day.

I dinna o' my lot complain,
I dinna grudge gudeman's domain,
How happier could a mither be,
Than I am aft with God and thee?

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

[BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.]

ABRIDGED.

BOOK I.

THE NORMAN VISITOR, THE SAXON KING, AND THE DANISH
PROPHETESS.

CHAPTER I.

Merry was the month of May, in the year of our Lord 1052. Few were the boys, and few the lasses, who overslept themselves on the first of that buxom month. Long ere the dawn, the young crowds had sought mead and woodland, to cut poles and wreath flowers. Many a mead then lay fair and green beyond the village of Charing, and behind the isle of Thorney (amidst the brakes and briars of which, were then rising fast and fair the Hall and Abbey of West-

minster); many a wood lay dark in the star-light, along the slopes, rising above the dank Strand, with its numerous canals or dykes, and on either side of the great road into Kent; flutes and horns sounded far and near through the green places, and laughter and song, and the crash of breaking boughs.

As the dawn came gray, up the east, arch and blooming faces bowed down to bathe in the May dew. Patient oxen stood dosing by the hedge-rows, all fragrant with blossoms, till the gay spoilers of the May came forth from the woods with lusty poles, followed by girls with laps full of flowers, which they had caught asleep. The poles were pranked with nosegays, and a chaplet was hung round the horns of every ox. Then towards day-break, the processions streamed back into the city, through all its gates; boys with their May-gads (pealed willow wands twined with cowslips) going before; and clear through the lively din of the horns and flutes, and amidst the moving grove of branches, choral voices, singing some early Saxon stave, precursor of the later song—

"We have brought the summer home."

On the great Kent road, the fairest meads for the cowslip, and the greenest woods for the bough, surrounded a large building that once had belonged to some voluptuous Roman, now all defaced and despoiled; but the boys and the lasses shunned these demesnes; and even in their mirth, as they passed homeward along the road, and saw near its ruined walls, and timbered outbuildings, gray Druid stones (that spoke of an age before either Saxon or Roman invader) gleaming through the dawn—the song was hushed—the very youngest crossed themselves; and the elder, in solemn whispers, suggested the precaution of changing the song into a psalm. For in that old building dwelt Hilda, of famous and dark repute; Hilda, who despite all law and canon, was still believed to practice the dismal arts of the Wicca and Morth-wyrtha (the witch and the worshipper of the dead). But once out of sight of these fearful precincts, the psalm was forgotten, and again broke, loud, clear, and silvery, the joyous chorons.

It is on the second day of May, 1052, that my story opens, at the house of Hilda, the reputed Morth-wyrtha. It stood upon a gentle and verdant height; and, even through all the barbarous mutilation it had undergone from barbarian hands, enough was left strikingly to contrast the ordinary abodes of the Saxons.

The remains of Roman art were indeed still numerous throughout England, but it happened rarely that

the Saxon had chosen his home amidst the villas of those noble and primal conquerors. Our first forefathers were more inclined to destroy than to adopt.

By what chance this building became an exception to the ordinary rule, it is now impossible to conjecture, but from a very remote period it had sheltered successive races of Teuton lords.

One of the apartments called the gynæcium was still, as in the Roman time, the favored apartment of the female portion of the household, and indeed bore the same name,—and with the group there assembled we have now to do.

In this room the walls were draped with silken hangings richly embroidered. On a beaufet were ranged horns tipped with silver, and a few vessels of pure gold. A small circular table in the center was supported by symbolical monsters quaintly carved. At one side of the wall, on a long settle, some half-a-dozen handmaids were employed in spinning; remote from them, and near the window, sat a woman advanced in years, and of a mien and aspect singularly majestic. Upon a small tripod before her was a Runic manuscript, and an inkstand of elegant form, with a silver graphium or pen. At her feet reclined a girl somewhat about the age of sixteen, her long fair hair parted across her forehead, and falling far down her shoulders. Her dress was a linen under-tunic, with long sleeves, rising high to the throat, and, without one of the modern artificial restraints of the shape, the simple belt sufficed to show the slender proportions and the delicate outline of the wearer. The color of the dress was of the purest white, but its hems or borders, were richly embroidered.

This girl's beauty was something marvelous. In a land proverbial for fair women, it had already attained her the name of "the fair." In that beauty were blended, not as yet without a struggle for mastery, the two expressions seldom united in one countenance, the soft and the noble; indeed, in the whole aspect there was the evidence of some internal struggle; the intelligence was not yet complete; the soul and heart were not yet united: and Edith the Christian maid dwelt in the home of Hilda the heathen prophetess. The girl's blue eyes, rendered dark by the shade of their long lashes, were fixed intently upon the stern and troubled countenance which was bent upon her own, but bent with that abstract gaze which shows that the soul is absent from the sight. So sat Hilda, and so reclined her grandchild Edith.

"Grandam," said the girl in a low voice, and after a long pause; and the sound of her voice so startled the handmaids, that every spindle stopped for a moment, and then plied with renewed activity; "Grandam, what troubles you—are you not thinking of the great earl and his fair sons, now outlawed far over the wide seas?"

As the girl spoke, Hilda started slightly, like one awakened from a dream; and when Edith had concluded her question, she rose slowly to the height of a statue, unbowed by her years, and far towering above even the ordinary standard of men; and turning from the child, her eye fell upon the row of silent maids, each at her rapid, noiseless, stealthy work.

"Hol!" said she; her cold and haughty eye gleaming as she spoke; "yesterday, they brought home the summer—to-day, ye aid to bring home the winter.

Weave well—heed well warf and woof. Skulda is among ye, and her pale fingers guidethe web!"

The maidens lifted not their eyes, though in every check the color paled at the words of the mistress. The spindles revolved, the thread shot, and again there was silence more freezing than before.

"Askest thou," said Hilda at length, passing to the child, as if the question so long addressed to her ear had only just reached her mind; "askest thou if I thought of the earl and his fair sons?—yea, I heard the smith welding arms on the anvil, and the hammer of the shipwright shaping strong ribs for the horses of the sea. Ere the reaper has bound his sheaves, Earl Godwin will scare the Normans in the halls of the Monk King, as the hawk scares the brood in the dovecot. Weave well, heed well warp and woof, nimble maidens—strong the texture, for biting is the worm."

"What weave they, then, good grandmother?" asked the girl, with wonder and awe in her soft, mild eyes.

"The winding sheet of the great!"

Hilda's lips closed, but her eyes, yet brighter than before, gazed upon space, and her pale hand seemed tracing letters, like runes, in the air.

Then slowly she turned, and looked forth through the dull window. "Give me my coverchief and my staff," said she quickly.

Every one of the handmaids, blithe for excuse to quit a task which seemed recently commenced, and was certainly not endeared to them by the knowledge of its purpose, communicated to them by the lady, rose to obey.

Unheeding the hands that vied with each other, Hilda took the hood, and drew it partially over her brow. Leaning lightly on a long staff, the head of which formed a raven of some wood stained black, she passed into the hall, and thence through the desecrated tablinum, into the mighty court formed by the sheltered peristyle; there she stopped, mused a moment, and called on Edith. The girl was soon by her side.

"Come with me. There is a face you shall see but twice in life—this day"—and Hilda paused, and the rigid and almost colossal beauty of her countenance softened.

"And when again, my grandmother?"

"Child, put thy warm hand in mine. So! the vision darkens from me. When again, saidst thou, Edith?—alas, I know not."

While thus speaking, Hilda passed slowly by the Roman fountain and the heathen fane, and ascended the little hillock. There, on the opposite side of the summit, backed by the Druid crommell and the Teuton altar, she seated herself deliberately on the sward.

A few daisies, primroses, and cowslips grow around; these Edith began to pluck, singing, as she wove, a simple song.

As she came to the last line, her soft, low voice seemed to awaken a chorus of sprightly horns and trumpets, and certain other wind instruments peculiar to the music of that day. The hillock bordered the high road to London—which then wound through wastes of forest land—and now emerging from the trees to the left, appeared a goodly company. First came two banner-bearers abreast, each holding a flag. On the one was depicted the cross and five martlets, the device of Edward, afterward surnamed the Con-

fessor: on the other, a plain, broad cross, with a deep border round it, and the streamer shaped into sharp points.

The first was familiar to Edith, who dropped her garland to gaze on the approaching pageant; the last was strange to her. She had been accustomed to see the banner of the great Earl Goodwin by the side of the Saxon king; and she said, almost indignantly,

"Who dares, sweet grandame, to place banner or pennon where Earl Goodwin's ought to float?"

"Peace," said Hilda, "peace and look."

Immediately behind the standard-bearers came two figures—strangely dissimilar indeed in mien, in years, in bearing: each bore on his left wrist a hawk. The one was mounted on a milk-white palfrey, with housings inlaid with gold and uncut jewels. Though not really old—for he was much on this side of sixty—both his countenance and his carriage evinced age. His complexion was extremely fair indeed, and his cheeks ruddy; but the visage was long and deeply furrowed, and from beneath a bonnet not dissimilar to those in use among the Scotch, streamed hair long and white as snow, mingling with a large and forked beard. White seemed his chosen color. White was the upper tunic clasped on his shoulder with a broad ouch or brooch; white the woolen leggings fitted to somewhat emaciated limbs; and white the mantle, though braided with a broad hem of gold and purple. The fashion of his dress was that which well become a noble person, but it suited ill the somewhat frail and graceless figure of the rider. Nevertheless, as Edith saw him, she rose, with an expression of deep reverence on her countenance, and saying, "It is our lord the king," advanced some steps down the hillock, and there stood, her arms folded on her breast, and quite forgetful, in her innocence and youth, that she had left the house without the cloak and coverchief which were deemed indispensable to the fitting appearance of maid and matron when they were seen abroad.

King Edward followed the direction of his companion's outstretched hand, and his quiet brow slightly contracted as he beheld the young form of Edith standing motionless a few yards before him.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

HUNTED DOWN.

(CONCLUDED.)

PORTION THE SECOND.

IV

I had a very particular engagement, to breakfast in the Temple. It was a bitter northeasterly morning, and the sleet and slush lay inches deep in the streets. I could get no conveyance, and was soon wet to the knees; but I should have been true to that appointment though I had had to wade to it, up to my neck in the same impediments.

The appointment took me to some chambers in the Temple. They were at the top of a lonely corner house overlooking the river. The name MR. ALFRED BECKWITH was painted on the outer door. On the door opposite, on the same landing, the name MR. JULIUS SLINKTON. The doors of both sets of chambers

stood open, so that anything said aloud in one set, could be heard in the other.

I had never been in those chambers before. They were dismal, close, unwholesome, and oppressive; the furniture originally good, and yet old, was faded and dirty; the rooms were in great disorder; there was a strong pervading smell of opium, brandy, and tobacco; the grate and fire-irons were splashed all over, with unsightly blotches of rust; and on a sofa by the fire, in the room where breakfast had been prepared, lay the host, Mr. Beckwith: a man with all the appearances about him of the worst kind of drunkard, very far advanced on his shameless way to death.

"Slinkton has not come yet," said this creature, staggering up when I went in; "I'll call him. Halloa! Julius Cæsar! Come and drink!" As he roared this out, he beat the tongs and poker together in a mad way, as if that was his usual manner of summoning his associate.

The voice of Mr. Slinkton was heard through the clatter, from the opposite side of the staircase, and he came in. He had not expected the pleasure of meeting me. I have seen several artful men brought to a stand, but I never saw a man so aghast as he was when his eyes rested upon mine.

"Julius Cæsar," cried Beckwith, staggering between us, "Mist' Sampson! Mist' Sampson, Julius Cæsar! Julius, Mist' Sampson, is the friend of my soul. Julius keeps me plied with liquor, morning, noon, and night. Julius is a real benefactor. Julius threw the tea and coffee out of the window when I used to have any. Julius empties all the water jugs of their contents, and fills 'em with spirits. Julius winds me up and keeps me going. Boil the brandy, Julius!"

There was a rusty and furred saucepan in the ashes—the ashes looked like the accumulation of weeks—and Beckwith, rolling and staggering between us as if he was going to plunge headlong into the fire, got the saucepan out and tried to force it into Slinkton's hand.

"Boil the brandy, Julius Cæsar! Come! Do your usual office. Boil the brandy."

He became so fierce in his gesticulations with the saucepan, that I expected to see him lay open Slinkton's head with it. I therefore put out my hand to check him. He reeled back to the sofa, and sat there panting, shaking and red-eyed, in his rags of a dressing-gown, looking at us both. I noticed then, that there was nothing to drink on the table but brandy, and nothing to eat but salted herrings, and a hot, sickly, highly-peppered stew.

"At all events, Mr. Sampson," said Slinkton, offering me the smooth gravel path for the last time. "I thank you for interfering between me and this unfortunate man's violence. However you came here, Mr. Sampson, or with whatever motive you came here, at least I thank you for that."

"Boil the brandy," muttered Beckwith,

Without gratifying his desire to know how I came there, I said quietly, "How is your niece, Mr. Slinkton?"

He looked hard at me and I looked hard at him.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Sampson, that my niece has proved treacherous and ungrateful to her best friend. She left me without a word of notice or ex-

planation. She was misled, no doubt, by some designing rascal. Perhaps you may have heard of it?"

"I did hear that she was misled by a designing rascal. In fact I have proof of it."

"Are you sure of it?" said he.

"Quite."

"Boil the brandy!" muttered Beckwith. "Company to breakfast, Julius Cæsar! Do your usual office—provide the usual breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper—boil the brandy!"

The eyes of Slinkton looked from him to me, and he said, after a moment's consideration:

"Mr. Sampson, you are a man of the world, and so am I. I will be plain with you."

"Oh, no, you won't," said I, shaking my head.

"I tell you, sir, I will be plain with you."

"And I tell you, you will not," said I. "I know all about you. You plain with any one? Nonsense, nonsense."

"I plainly tell you, Mr. Sampson," he went on, with a manner almost composed, "that I understand your object. You want to save your funds, and escape from your liabilities; these are old tricks of trade with you Office-gentlemen. But you will not do it, sir: you will not succeed. You have not an easy adversary to play against when you play against me. We shall have to inquire, in due time, when and how Mr. Beckwith fell into his present habits. With that remark, sir, I put this poor creature and his incoherent wanderings of speech, aside, and wish you a good morning and a better case next time."

While he was saying this, Beckwith had filled a half-pint glass with brandy. At this moment he threw the brandy at his face, and threw the glass after it. Slinkton put his hands up, half blinded with the spirit, and cut with the glass across the forehead. At the sound of the breakage a fourth person came into the room, closed the door and stood at it. He was a quiet but very keen looking man, with iron-gray hair, and slightly lame.

Slinkton pulled out his handkerchief, assuaged the pain in his smarting eyes, and dabbed the blood on his forehead. He was a long time about it, and I saw that, in the doing of it, a tremendous change came over him, occasioned by the change in Beckwith—who ceased to pant and tremble, sat upright, and never took his eyes off him. I never in my life saw a face in which abhorrence and determination were so forcibly painted, as in Beckwith's then.

"Look at me, you villain," said Beckwith, "and see me as I really am. I took these rooms, to make them a trap for you. I came into them as a drunkard, to bait the trap for you. You fell into the trap and you will never leave it alive. On the morning when you last went to Mr. Sampson's office, I had seen him first. Your plot has been known to both of us, all along, and you have been counterplotted all along. What? Having been cajoled into putting that prize of two thousand pounds in your power, I was to be done to death with brandy, and brandy not proving quick enough, with something quicker? Have I never seen you, when you thought my senses gone, pouring from your little bottle into my glass? Why, you Murderer and Forger, alone here with you in the dead of the night, as I have so often been, I have had my hand upon the trigger of a pistol, twenty times, to blow your brains out!"

The sudden starting up of the thing that he had supposed to be his imbecile victim, into a determined man, with a settled resolution to hunt him down and be the death of him mercilessly expressed from head to foot, was in the first shock too much for him. Without any figure of speech, he staggered under it. But, there is no greater mistake than to suppose, that a man who is a calculated criminal, is, in any phase of his guilt, otherwise than true to himself and perfectly consistent with his whole character. Such a man commits murder, and murder is the natural culmination of his course; such a man has to outface murder, and he will do it with hardihood and effrontery. It is a sort of fashion to express surprise that any notorious criminal, having such crime upon his conscience, can so brave it out. Do you think that if he had it on his conscience, or had a conscience to have it upon, he would ever have committed the crime?

Perfectly consistent with himself, as I believe all such monsters to be, this Slinkton recovered himself, and showed a defiance that was sufficiently cool and quiet. He was white, he was haggard, he was changed; but, only as a sharper who had played for a great stake, and had been outwitted and had lost the game.

"Listen to me, you villain," said Beckwith, "and let every word you hear me say, be a stab in your wicked heart. When I took these rooms, to throw myself in your way and lead you on to the scheme which I knew my appearance and supposed character and habits would suggest to such a devil, how did I know that? Because you were no stranger to me. I knew you well. And I know you to be the cruel wretch who, for so much money, had killed one innocent girl while she trusted him implicitly, and who was, by inches, killing another."

Slinkton took out a snuff-box, took a pinch of snuff, and laughed.

"But, see here," said Beckwith, never looking away, never raising his voice, never relaxing his face, never unclenching his hand. "See what a dull wolf you have been, after all! The infatuated drunkard who never drank a fiftieth part of the liquor you plied him with, but poured it away, here, there, everywhere, almost before your eyes—who bought over the fellow you set to watch him, and to ply him, by outbidding you in his bribe, before he had been at work three days—with whom you have observed no caution, yet who was so bent on ridding the earth of you as a wild beast, that he would have defeated you if you had been ever so prudent—that drunkard whom you have many a time left on the floor of this room, and who has even let you go out of it, alive and undeceived, when you have turned him over with your foot—has, almost as often, on the same night, within an hour, within a few minutes, watched you awake, had his hand at your pillow when you were asleep, turned over your papers, taken samples from your bottles and packets of powder, changed their contents, rifled every secret of your life."

He had had another pinch of snuff in his hand, but had gradually let it drop from between his fingers to the floor, where he now smoothed it out with his foot, looking down at it the while.

"That drunkard," said Beckwith, "who had free access to your rooms at all times, that he might drink the strong drinks that you left in his way and be the sooner ended, holding no more terms with you than

he would hold with a tiger, has had his master-key for all your locks, his tests for all your poisons, his clue to all your cipher writings. He can tell you, as well as you can tell him, how long it took to complete that deed, what doses there were, what intervals, what signs of gradual decay upon mind and body, what distempered fancies were produced, what observable changes, what physical pain. He can tell you, as well as you can tell him, that all this was recorded day by day, as a lesson of experience for future service. He can tell you, better than you can tell him, where that journal is at this moment."

Slinkton stopped the action of his foot, and looked at Beckwith.

"No," said the latter, as if answering a question from him. "Not in the drawer of the writing-desk that opens with the spring; it is not there and never will be there again."

"Then you are a thief," said Slinkton.

Without any change whatever in the inflexible purpose which it was quite terrific even to me to contemplate, and from the power of which I had all along felt convinced it was impossible for this wretch to escape, Beckwith returned:

"And I am your niece's shadow too."

With an imprecation, Slinkton put his hand to his head, tore out some hair, and flung it on the ground. It was the end of the smooth walk; he destroyed it in the action, and it will soon be seen that his use for it was past.

Beckwith went on: "Whenever you left here, I left here. Although I understood that you found it necessary to pause in the completion of your purpose, to avert suspicion, still I watched you close, with the poor confiding girl. When I had your diary, and could read it word by word—it was only about the night before your last visit to Scarborough—you remember the night? you slept with a small flat phial tied to your wrist—I sent to Mr. Sampson, who was kept out of view. This is Mr. Sampson's trusty servant standing by the door. We three saved your niece among us."

Slinkton looked at us all, took an uncertain step or two from the place where he had stood, returned to it, and glanced about him in a very curious way—as one of the meaner reptiles might, when looking for a hole to hide in. I noticed at the same time, that a singular change took place in the figure of the man—as if it collapsed within his clothes, and they consequently became ill-shapen and ill-fitting.

"You shall know," said Beckwith, "for I hope the knowledge will be bitter and terrible to you, why you have been pursued by one man, and why, when the whole interest which Mr. Sampson represents, would have expended any money in hunting you down, you have been tracked to death at a single individual's charge. I hear you have had the name of Meltham on your lips sometimes?"

I saw in addition to those other changes, a sudden stoppage come upon his breathing.

"When you sent the sweet girl whom you murdered (you know with what artfully-made-out surroundings and probabilities you sent her), to Meltham's office before taking her abroad, to originate the transaction that doomed her to the grave, it fell to Meltham's lot to see her and speak with her. It did not fall to his lot to save her, though I know he would

freely give his own life to have done it. He admired her;—I could say he loved her deeply, if I thought it possible that you could understand the word. When she was sacrificed, he was thoroughly assured of your guilt. Having lost her, he had but one object left in life, and that was, to avenge her and destroy you."

I saw the villain's nostrils rise and fall, convulsively; but, I saw no moving at the mouth.

"That man, Meltham," Beckwith steadily pursued, "was as absolutely certain that you could never elude him in this world, if he devoted himself to your destruction with his utmost fidelity and earnestness, and if he divided the sacred duty with no other duty in life, as he was certain that in achieving it he would be a poor instrument in the hands of Providence, and would do well before Heaven in striking you out from among living men. I am that man, and I thank God that I have done my work!"

If Slinkton had been running for his life from swift footed savages, a dozen miles, he could not have shown more emphatic signs of being oppressed at heart and laboring for breath, than he showed now, when he looked at the pursuer who had so relentlessly hunted him down.

"You never saw me under my right name, before; you see me under my right name, now. You shall see me once again, in the body, when you are tried for your life. You shall see me once again, in the spirit, when the cord is round your neck, and the crowd are crying against you."

When Meltham had spoken these last words, that miscreant suddenly turned away his face, and seemed to strike his mouth with his open hand. At the same instant, the room was filled with a new and powerful odor, and, almost at the same instant, he broke into a crooked run, leap, start—I have no name for the spasm—and fell with a dull weight that shook the heavy old doors and windows in their frames.

That was the fitting end of him.

When we saw that he was dead, we drew away from the room, and Meltham, giving me his hand, said with a weary air:

"I have no more work on earth, my friend. But, I shall see her again, elsewhere."

It was in vain that I tried to rally him. He might have saved her, he said; he had not saved her, and he reproached himself; he had lost her, and he was broken-hearted.

"The purpose that sustained me, is over, Sampson, and there is nothing now to hold to life. I am not fit for life; I am weak and spiritless; I have no hope and no object; my day is done."

In truth, I could hardly have believed that the broken man who spoke to me, was the man who so strongly and differently impressed me when his purpose was yet before him. I used such entreaties with him, as I could; but, he still said, and always said, in a patient undemonstrative way—nothing could avail him—he was broken-hearted.

He died early in the next spring. He was buried by the side of the poor young lady for whom he had cherished those tender and unhappy regrets and he left all he had to her sister. She lived to be a happy wife and mother; she married my sister's son, who succeeded poor Meltham; she is living now; and her children ride about the garden on my walking-stick, when I go to see her.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1868.

THE MISSION OF WOMEN.

WOMEN AND GOVERNMENT.

A copy of a new periodical devoted to "Woman's Rights" and entitled "*The Revolution*" has been placed in our hands. What that alarming title may indicate we are not fully assured, but suppose the proposition of the journal in question is to *revolutionize* the social world on the subject of woman's position and privileges. As to that position we judge from the number before us that women should have thrown open to them not only the right to vote but the privilege of filling all offices of honor and emolument under government, and in every department of professional life.

Judging from the tone of advocates of "woman's rights," it would appear that women are adapted to shine in every position in life except that of mothers or housekeepers. Their true position is the doctor's office, the lawyer's study, and the halls of Congress. Now whatever women are really adapted for one thing is clear, their "advocates" are remarkably adapted to pick out the most comfortable places in life for the ladies and leave the worst for the men. We have said they were to be lawyers, doctors, "congressmen" in fact anything of the kid-glove class of profession that may be come-at-able; but what is very remarkable, while claiming so much generally considered to be masculine, they never urge their right to be sailors, coal-miners, wood-haulers or farm laborers! In this particular they evince a clearness of perception as to what is "nice" which shows how superior woman's judgment is to that of man who has so unrighteously usurped her place.

But leaving the advocate of "woman's rights" to themselves, let us see how this woman's question really stands.

For ages—in fact from the most distant periods of which we have any account, a universal impression has prevailed amongst all nations that woman's true position in life was subordinate to that of man. It is true that in the ages of chivalry *un*-married ladies were objects of romantic worship. Knights of high and low degree bent before "ladye fair," swore by her, and did all sorts of absurd things in her behalf, till—they got her, when she very quickly discovered who had to do the bending and who the bidding. Excepting in relation to romantic periods such as these, we say, an instinctive feeling has led all nations to consider woman's sphere, so far as governing and directing has been concerned, as dependent and inferior to that of man. This feeling although based upon a truth has been more or less displayed in a brutalized or debased form in proportion as the nation adopting it; has been advanced in civilization or sunk in barbarism. If very low in the scale of progress, women have been treated as slaves, if highly civilized as companions, but still subordinate. In no case has any nation been able to throw off this instinct peculiar

no less to its women than its men. So far as reasoning alone is concerned, there can be no more correct way of getting at the truth as to what men and women are adapted for, than by observing what has been the universal instinct of mankind on such subjects in all ages and climes; by noticing to what point they have undeviatingly turned, and incessantly returned, after every diversion from the object. That which all nations—no matter how severed by distance or divided by time have unfailingly considered to be right, must, however distorted their view, be based upon an internal prompting, and that prompting and tendency although transfigured and abused divine in its origin.

Take for instance the question as whether there is a God. What is the greatest evidence of His existence, and that He demands to be worshipped, but the fact that every heart requires a Deity to worship. With or without cultivation, men and women in every nation and period have felt this prompting, this universal cry of humanity for a God to adore. The superficial atheist will tell us that this feeling is solely the result of the inculcations of priests and other interested men. That priesthood and even priestcraft have done much to keep alive this native flame none will deny, but what has given priestcraft its world-wide success; what has made its road to universal influence so easy; what has given its advocates such a wondrous advantage over all other class of teachers, but the fact that there has been in every heart a preparation for some system of worship and devotion? What but the fact that it appealed to a truth of which a greater or less consciousness existed within every man's soul? And so of every other truth necessary for the order and peace of the world, a germ of it has been planted in every heart; and in relation to this question of woman's position it is the same, men in all ages have claimed as a natural right the functions of government and women in all ages have unhesitatingly yielded to the claim, not because of education, habit, or custom, but because it has been more in harmony with their nature to accept this state of things than to oppose it. And even the unresisting submission of women to the cruel and unjust lengths to which this doctrine has sometimes been carried—like the wondrous submission of mankind to the gigantic impositions and exactions of priestcraft,—only go to prove how fixed and constant are the natural impulses which no abuse or imposture can destroy.

While this is the case on the one hand, how easy is it to see that this submission of women would not and could not have been displayed, had women been prepared by God for equal rule and dominion with man. In spite of woman's wish to please man; in spite of man's physical superiority, the inborn propensities of her nature would have asserted themselves. Just as it is with certain races so it would have been with the sexes. That which any race are adapted to be they always become. If adapted for prominence or civilization over and above others, the internal force within them soon creates the necessary opportunities. Had women been possessed of the elements of government equally with man, their native adaptation for the task would have declared itself a thousand times over in the history of the world. If kept down in one age, it would have manifested itself in another, and the

more such evidences were suppressed the greater the fury of their outbreak at last. Outburst would have succeeded outbreak until the instincts for equal rule with man had been satisfied. It is folly to talk of a fact of human nature—especially woman nature—being kept buried for six thousand years. Instead, however, of an instinctive recoiling from the claims of man in this respect, we find women in all ages accepting as a great inevitable truth the right of the opposite sex to govern. This, we assert, she has done because because there has been no impulse within her in opposition thereto. Had such an instinct existed, there would have been a daily and eternal objection to such a condition of things and the world would have been one perpetual scene of misery and confusion in consequence.

To this it may be replied that women have sometimes shown an ambition for governmental powers and that they have seemed successfully to exercise them. This is true but where they have succeeded in becoming so much more of men, it has generally been by becoming so much less of women. In nearly every case such women have not only unsexed themselves but have become notorious for intrigue, debauchery and crime. England has her Victoria who governs well by virtue of not governing at all. England had also her Elizabeth who maintained her supremacy and sway by making every faculty of her nature subordinate thereto. She gratified her love of undivided authority by sacrificing the affections of her heart. Who would say she was as much woman as Victoria, or that Victoria could have been as much a woman as she is had she not preferred to be a true woman to a great queen?

So far as the greatness or goodness of woman's nature is concerned, this, however, is only one side of the picture. In our next we shall give the other side of the question of woman's capabilities.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR JNO. TULLIDGE.

CLASS TEACHING—ITS INTRODUCTION.

On account of the popularity which now attends systems of teaching music *en masse* or in classes, few persons—especially non-musical ones—can realize the difficulties which attended their introduction.

As far as I am acquainted previous to 1838, the practice of teaching vocal music in classes was totally unknown. To illustrate its history allow me to refer to my own experience as a class teacher.

In the year 1838 I took a musical tour to the cathedral cities of Salisbury, Chichester, Bath, Bristol, Rochester, Litchfield and Lincoln, and found myself at last in the cathedral city of York.

My object in visiting these places was two-fold. First, to study the ancient ecclesiastical mode, or Gregorian chant, which note used in this style—I have been told—somewhat resembled the one popular in America some years since. Secondly, I had a great desire to understand their system of vocal sight reading, and see whether it could not be applied for teaching large numbers. The system that I had been taught by was the Italian method, the non-moveable Sol-Fa.

After being at York for a short period, I obtained the situation of Choral Vicar in the City Cathedral.

By the kind permission of the Choral Master—who superintended the tuition of "Sopranos" boys—I was admitted to their elementary rehearsals. I found by inspection, that they taught a system compiled by Mr. Webbe, the celebrated Glee compo-

ser, which system was used by all the Cathedral choirs I had visited. I had a work in my possession of the same description published in 1749, so the system was not new to me. I felt inclined to put the same method in practice, but I conceived it necessary to extend it and illustrate by diagrammatic ladders the seven changeable keys.

I had noticed, with much pleasure and gratification, in travelling through Yorkshire and Lancashire, the efficient manner in which the chorus singers of both counties performed the Oratorical works of the giant composers Handel and Haydn, and I imputed their excellent sight reading capabilities to the superiority of the method they had adopted. And when I considered that those fine chorus singers were not professionals, but merely factory men and women, it excited in me a desire to try the effect of teaching masses together in part singing by the same system, aided by the diagrammatic illustrations to which I have referred.

At this period, the Sacred Harmonic Society in London was employing professional leaders to conduct each of the four parts, the rest of the choral body not being sight-readers; while at all the Oratorical Festivals, singers had to be selected from the various cathedrals and the associations of the two counties above named.

Previous to starting a class for the teaching of large bodies I consulted Mr. Barker, the principal tenor singer of the Cathedral, who was also the conductor of the Phil-harmonic Concerts in that city. When I mentioned the subject of class teaching to him, he looked at me with bewilderment, and said, "Nonsense! you must be insane to think of such a thing, and more insane will you be if you try to accomplish such an absurdity. Why, man, do you know that all our singers are taught by unisonic examples and practice? Do you also know that the efficiency you have noticed will require a drilling of three or four years for two hours per day for professionals. The factory men and women begin young, and it is eight to ten years before they are admitted in a musical society for public singing in parts. Don't mention the subject to me again."

I must confess I was staggered, but it did not cause me to relinquish class teaching.

Beside my engagement at the Cathedral, I conducted the choir of an Independent Chapel on Sunday evenings, and on that choir I felt determined to try and carry out my pet idea.

I did not take their method of practicing the intervals, but took a shorter road. They ascended the scale as follows: Do to Mi, a third; Do to Fa, a fourth; Do to Sol, a fifth; Do to La, a sixth; Do to Si, a seventh; Do to Do, an octave. All the intervals were taken from the tonic, or key note. 2nd form—Do to Mi, a major third; Re to Fa, a minor third; Mi to Sol, a minor third; Fa to La, a major third; Sol to Si, a major third; La to Do, a minor third.

My idea was, to impress on the minds of my pupils—in the first place—the trumpet sounds of Do to Mi, Mi to Sol, Sol to Do, telling them the effect of these intervals would be the same in every key.

The next form to which I directed their attention was the intervals of Do to La, La to Fa and Fa to Re in descending. Both forms in ascending and descending. The La to Fa, Fa to Re, being of so singular a character, I told them would require more attention, but would have the same effect in every key. One interval alone remained for practice, the Si on the seventh of the scale, and notwithstanding the difficulty of intoning this interval, I told them if they would but notice the piercing sound of that note, and its inclination to ascend by one short step to the Do, it became easy enough.

In about six lessons the intervals were managed, and in six months they could read Psalmody at first sight in four parts. At the end of the year, easy anthems were read with fluency. I introduced fresh diagrammatic ladders at each change of key, and went through the course in the year with one lesson weekly in the old notation.

I received for my pains the opposition of all the professionals in the city. Mr. Hullah was similarly treated when he brought out his system three years subsequently.

In attempting the following criticism of the various systems of choral teachings which have of late years been introduced, I merely mention my experience as an illustration of the fixity of idea with which the profession opposed the method of class instruction.

In my next I will refer to the system introduced by Mr. Hullah throughout England.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

SKETCHES OF ABYSSINIA.

[From Bow Bells.]

The plan of the campaign against Theodore may be described as a series of bases between Annesley Bay and Magdala, or whatever stronghold in which it may ultimately turn out the captives are imprisoned. The great difficulty which has to be overcome is in the feeding of the troops—for though hitherto the native chiefs and tribes with which our troops have come in contact are sufficiently friendly to sell for British gold whatever commodities they possess, Sir Robert Napier, like a prudent general, declines to trust the fate of his soldiers either to the friendly disposition or means of supply of the semi-barbarous natives. He, therefore, has caused a series of provision depots to be established along the route of his march from the sea-coast into the interior.

Each of these depots will be a base of operations; so that, in the event of the army or any portion of it having to fall back, its retreat will be saved from any disastrous consequences, because, at comparatively easy stages, supplies of food, clothing, medicine and ammunition will be found.

It is not surprising that some of the Abyssinian chiefs, on whose promises or known hostility to the tyrant Theodore our generals relied for assistance in effecting the release of the captives, should have disappointed the expectations of those who trusted in them.

This has been especially the case with a certain Abyssinian potentate called Menelek, King of Shoa. This potentate professed friendship for the British, and as he was known to be a deadly enemy of Theodore's, valuable aid was expected from his alliance. This, considering that he was at the head of an immense force, alleged, in cavalry alone, to amount to 30,000, was by no means an unreasonable expectation.

Now, this Menelek, with his army, was reported to have occupied the mountain passes between Debra Tabor and Magdala, and thus to be between the tyrant Theodore and the European captives. If, therefore, he could have only prevented Theodore from getting at the unfortunate captives until the British forces could come up to the tyrant, it is obvious that immense and inestimable service would have been rendered to this country. From the promises of Menelek, a good many of our officers expected that he would do us this service. But this not unreasonable expectation has been disappointed. Menelek has suddenly vanished, and left the important mountain passes which he occupied, open to Theodore.

The cause of this sudden disappearance of our supposed ally is said to be a superstitious dread of the person of King Theodore, who, by many of the superstitious Abyssinians, is believed to possess a magical power, by which he can confound and blast all those who presume to withstand his pretensions.

There is also another Abyssinian chief, named Wagshum, whose promises have induced the leaders of the expedition to place some value upon his proffered assistance. But, after the experience which our generals have had of Menelek's alliance, it is not likely that they will place any great dependence upon Prince Wagshum's co-operation.

Of all the travelers that ever visited Abyssinia, James Bruce seems to have formed the truest estimate of the Abyssinian character, and to have been the most successful in subduing the chiefs and common people to his own purposes. Both physically and intellectually, Bruce was admirably qualified for such a task. It would, indeed, have been difficult to find a person better fitted for the hazardous enterprise of traversing the country and impressing both chiefs and subjects with the idea that he was the representative of a mighty power and that he himself was a man of great importance.

The manner in which Bruce treated the natives, whenever he found them disposed to presume upon his supposed helplessness or timidity, is illustrated by the following anecdotes.

Bruce's great friend and patron was Ras Michael, the Prime Minister and chief general of the King. Now this Ras Michael had a nephew—a subordinate officer, an ill-natured fellow, who took a strong dislike to Bruce. He was about thirty years of age, of a short, square form, and a most unpromising countenance; a flat nose, a wide mouth, a yellow complexion, and hideous scars of the small-pox.

This hero was insufferably vain and presumptuous; and boasted that to him, his uncle owed all his victories. While they sat at supper, Guebra Mascal (the fellow's name) was provoked by Petros to utter some contemptuous language concerning Mr. Bruce's skill in shooting. Mr. Bruce retorted, and told

him that in his gun the end of a tallow candle would do greater execution than an iron ball in the best of Guebra Mascal's, with all his boasted skill. The Abyssinian called him a liar and a Frank; and, upon his rising, immediately gave him a kick with his foot. Mr. Bruce, in a transport of rage, seized him by the throat, and threw him on the ground. He drew his knife, and enraged with our traveler, gave him a slight cut on the crown of his head. Hitherto Mr. Bruce had not struck him; he now wrested the knife from him, and struck him on the face so violently with the handle, as to mark him with scars which continued discernible even amid the deep pitting of the small-pox.

All was now confusion and uproar in the house. An adventure of so serious a nature overcame the effects of the wine upon our countryman. He wrapped himself in his cloak, returned home, and went to bed.

His friends were eager to revenge the insult which he had received; and the first news he heard in the morning was that Guebra Mascal was in irons at the house of the Ras. Mr. Bruce, though still angry, was at a loss what measures to take. The Ras would probably hear his complaints; but his adversary was formidable. Instead, therefore, of demanding justice, Mr. Bruce excused and palliated the conduct of Guebra Mascal to Ozoro Esther and Ras Michael, obtained his liberty, and listened readily to the intercessor, whom that insolent soldier now sent, in great humiliation, to ask his forgiveness.

Mr. Bruce was sensible that the cause of his quarrel with Guebra Mascal was not immediately forgotten at Court. The King, one day, asked him whether he was not drunk himself as well as his opponent when that quarrel arose. Mr. Bruce replied that he was perfectly sober; for their entertainer's red wine was finished, and he never willingly drank hydromel.

His Majesty, with a degree of keenness, returned, "Did you, then, soberly say to Guebra Mascal that an end of a tallow-candle in a gun in your hand would do more execution than an iron bullet in his?"

"Certainly, sir, I said so."

"And why?"

"Because it was truth."

"With a tallow candle you can kill a man or horse?"

"Pardon me, sir; your Majesty is now in the place of my Sovereign; it would be great presumption in me to argue with you, or urge a conversation against an opinion in which you are already fixed."

The King's kindness and curiosity, and Mr. Bruce's desire to vindicate himself, carried matters, at length, so far, that an experiment with a tallow candle was proposed. Three courtiers brought each a shield; Mr. Bruce charged his gun with a piece of tallow-candle, and pierced through three at once, to the astonishment and even confusion, of the Abyssinian monarch and his courtiers. A sycamore table was next aimed at, and as easily perforated as the shields.

These feats the simple Abyssinians attributed to the power of magic; but they made a strong impression on the mind of the monarch in favor of our traveler.

CURIOSITIES OF MARRIAGE.

[From Waverley Magazine.]

Marriage is the first and most ancient of all institutions. As the foundation of society and the family, it is universally observed throughout the globe, no nation having been discovered, however barbarous, which does not celebrate the union of the sexes by ceremony and rejoicing.

The conditions of woman in all countries have afforded a truthful theme for the observation of the traveler, and the speculations of the philosopher and the novelist. It has been uniformly found that the savage is the tyrant of the female sex, while the position and consideration given to woman is advanced in proportion to the refinement of social life. Under the laws of Lycurgus, Numa, and even later law-givers, the power of the husband over his wife was absolute, sometimes even including the power over life or death. The wife was always defined and treated as a thing, not as a person—the absolute property of her lord. In the earlier ages a man might sell his children or his wife indifferently, and relics of this rude custom still survive, even among the nations called civilized Christians.

In Persia men marry either for life or for a determinate time. Travelers or merchants commonly apply to the magistrate for a wife during residence in any place, and the eadi produces a number of girls for selection, whom he declares to be honest

and healthy. Four wives are permitted to each husband, in Persia, and the same number is allowed by the Mohammedan law to the Mussulman.

In Chinese Tartary a kind of male polygamy is practiced, and a plurality of husbands is highly respected. In Thibet it is customary for the brothers of a family to have a wife in common, and they generally live in harmony and comfort with her. Among the Calmucks, the ceremony of marriage is performed on horseback. The girl is first mounted, and permitted to ride off at full speed, when her lover takes a horse and gallops after her. If he overtakes the fugitive, she becomes his wife, and the marriage is consummated on the spot. It is said that no instance is known of a Calmuck girl being overtaken unless she is really fond of her pursuer.

The Arabs divide their affections between their horses and their wives, and regard the purity of blood in the former, quite as much as in their offspring. Polygamy is practiced only by the rich, and divorces are rare. In Ceylon the marriage proposal is brought about by the man first sending to her whom he wishes to become his wife, to purchase her clothing. These she sells for a stipulated sum, generally asking as much as she thinks requisite for them to begin the world with. In the evening he calls on her, with the wardrobe, at her father's house and they spend the night in each other's company. Next morning if mutually satisfied, they appoint the day of marriage. They are permitted to separate whenever they please, and so frequently avail themselves of this privilege, that they sometimes change a dozen times before their inclinations are wholly suited.

In Hindoostan the women have a peculiar veneration for marriage, as it is a popular creed that those females who die virgins are excluded from the joys of paradise. In that precious country the women begin to bear children at about the age of twelve some even at eleven. The proximity of the natives of India to the burning sun, which ripens men, as well as plants, at the earliest period in these tropical latitudes, is assigned as the cause. The distinguishing mark of the Hindoo wife is the most profound fidelity, submission and attachment to her husband.

Marriage in Sweden is commonly governed wholly by the will of the parents, and is founded upon interest. A stolen match is almost unheard of, and persons of either sex seldom marry before the age of twenty-five or thirty. Divorces are very rare.

Russia appears to be the most preposterous country in Europe in treatment. The nuptial ceremonies, all and singular, are based upon the idea of the degradation of the female. When the parents have agreed upon the match, the bride is examined by a number of women to see if she has any bodily defect. On her wedding day she is crowned with a garland of wormwood, to denote the bitterness of the marriage state. She is exhorted to be obedient to her husband, and it is a custom in some districts for the newly married wife to present the bridegroom with a whip, in token of submission, and with this he seldom fails to show his authority. In this cold and cruel country, husbands are sometimes known to torture their wives to death without any punishment of the murderer.

We are told of the Aleutian Islanders who form a part of our new Russian American acquisition, that they marry one, two, or three wives, as they have the means of supporting them. The bridegroom takes the bride upon trial, and may return her to her parents, should he not be satisfied, but cannot demand his presents back again. No man is allowed to sell his wife without her consent; but he may (and often does) assign them over to another. This custom, it is said, is availed of by the hunters, who take Aleutian women or girls to wife for a time for a trifling compensation.

THE ARISTOCRACY AND DIGNITY OF WASHINGTON.

(From Independent.)

When the convention to form a constitution was setting in Philadelphia, in 1787, of which Gen. Washington was president, he had stated evenings to receive the calls of his friends. At an interview with Hamilton, the Morrisess, and others, the former remarked that Washington was reserved and aristocratic, even to his intimate friends, and allowed no one to be familiar with him. Governor Morris said that was a mere fancy, and he could be as familiar with Washington as with any of his other friends. Hamilton replied, "If you will, at the next reception evening, gently slap him on the shoulder, and say, 'M

dear general, how happy I am to see you look so well,' a supper and wine shall be provided for you and a dozen of your friends." The challenge was accepted. On the evening appointed a large number attended, and at an early hour Governor Morris entered, bowed, shook hands, laid his left hand on Washington's shoulder, and said: "My dear general, I am very happy to see you look so well!" Washington withdrew his hand, stepped suddenly back, fixed his eyes on Morris for several minutes with an angry frown, until the latter retreated abashed, and sought refuge in the crowd. The company looked on in silence. At the supper which was provided by Hamilton, Morris said: "I have won the bet, but paid dearly for it; and nothing could induce me to repeat it."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES ON PHRENOLOGY.

[From Professor of the Breakfast Table.]

Oliver Wendell Holmes thus tells how easily a rogue might practice phrenology for a living.

"I will suppose myself to set up a shop. I would invest one hundred dollars, more or less, in casts of brains, skulls, charts, and other matters that would make the most show for the money. That would do to begin with. I would then advertise myself as the celebrated Professor Brainey, or whatever name I might choose, and wait for my first customer. My first customer is a middle-aged man. I look at him—ask him a question or two, so as to hear him talk. When I have got the hang of him, I ask him to sit down, and proceed to fumble his skull, dictating as follows:—

SCALE FROM 1 to 10.

LIST OF FACULTIES FOR CUSTOMER.

PRIVATE NOTES FOR MY PUPIL, each to be accompanied with a wink.

Amativeness, 7.

Most men love the conflicting sex, and all men love to be told they do.

Alimentiveness, 8.

Don't you see that he has burst off his lowest waistcoat button with feeding—hey?

Acquisitiveness, 8.

Of course, a middle-aged Yankee.

Approbativeness, 7. +

Hat well brushed; hair, ditto. Mark the effect of that PLUS sign.

Self-esteem, 6.

His face shows that.

Benevolence, 9.

That'll please him.

Conscientiousness, 8½.

That fraction looks first-rate.

Mirthfulness, 7.

Has laughed twice since he came in.

Ideality, 9.

That sounds well.

Form, Size, Weight, Color, Locality, Eventuality, etc., etc.

4 to 6. Average, everything that can't be guessed.

And so on with the other faculties.

Of course, you know, that isn't the way the Phrenologists do. They go only by the bumps. I only say that is the way I should practice "Phrenology" for a living.

DODGING A SHARK.

"I think," said the skipper, one morning at breakfast, as we were discussing that meal in the cuddy of the "Calcutta," then at anchor off the mouth of the Ullua—"I think we had better fill in as we go, so I shall send the boats cocoa-nutting." Would you like to go?"

"With all my heart," I replied. "I've never been down among the lagoons, and should like it above all things."

"I'm glad of that," said the skipper; "for I shall not go myself. I'm not ambitious of being stung to death by mosquitoes; but as you have never been down the coast, the novelty will perhaps repay you for the pain."

"I'll run the chance of a stinging," I retorted. "If we get a strong sea-breeze, we may happily escape these little pests, but when do we start?"

"With the land-wind in the morning."

"All right! Who is to go?"

"The stevedore for one, because he knows the coast well; the rest you can choose for yourself."

"Then I shall have Jones for one. He's handy and cooks well."

During the day I selected the rest of my men, hauled the boats alongside, and got everything ready for a start, which it was arranged should be about three o'clock on the following morning, and about that time we started.

We had been pulling for nearly two hours, and a two-hours stretch at the oar, under a tropical sun, is a thing not to be joked about. It was, therefore, with no small degree of satisfaction that we saw the entrance to Port Sal open on the star-board side, and shortly afterwards we entered the little land-locked cove of that name.

While the dinner was being prepared, I proposed to the stevedore that we should take a bath in the lagoon. Peter, however, suggested that it was not safe on account of the alligators; but he said he knew a place outside where we could bathe without fear. Accordingly we took the gig, and though we grounded several times, we succeeded in getting through the narrow channel and reached the place Peter had spoken of.

It was a small but beautiful basin of water, with a fine clear sandy bottom, enclosed on one side by a bit of beach, while the rest was encircled by a reef of rocks. In some parts the reef was covered with a sheet of foam, while in others jagged rocks jutted up in huge masses over which a swell broke with a noise like thunder. Outside the reef there was a stiff breeze blowing, but inside the surface was calm, and the waters clear; though now and then it was curled by a brisk flaw, which rendered more refreshing and enchanting the waters of this beautiful inlet.

Not caring to anchor the boat, we undressed, and plunging in, swam out to the reef. I was enjoying the bath amazingly, floundering about under the lee of the rocks, over which the green seas broke at intervals, half smothering me in a natural shower bath. The water on the part of the reef on which I stood was scarcely two feet deep, except where the swell came round, and then I was almost taken off my legs; such was the precarious nature of my footing.

I was just waiting for another roller to burst over me, and the stevedore was floating on his back in the centre of the basin, when to my intense horror I saw a large shark making towards him. I cried out loudly, "A shark! a shark!"

The stevedore hearing the terrifying cry, turned to see from whence the danger came. It would have been useless for him to attempt to reach the boat, so I shouted for him to strike out for the shore. For a second or two he seemed fear-stricken, and made no effort to reach the land. Suddenly, he either realized the danger of his position, or he decided upon some plan of escape, for he struck out boldly for the shore. Those few seconds of indecision on the part of Peter had enabled the monster to get into fearful proximity to him, and for some minutes the race was an exciting one. I held my breath and looked on half paralyzed with terror, while foot by foot the shark drew nearer to him; expecting every instant to see its silvery stomach glancing in the sunlight, and the form of the stevedore dragged under the water.

Just as the shark was within a few fathoms of him, the stevedore turned sharp around and dived. As his foot disappeared beneath the surface, the monster dashed at it, and there was great commotion in the water. For some seconds the brute lashed his tail, his struggles were terrific, and I thought it was all over with poor Peter. But in another moment or two, to my inexpressible joy, I saw his head emerge from the water some distance from the shark, and a cry of thankfulness escaped me as I saw him reach the shore in safety.

Meanwhile the shark had released himself from the shoal; for I now saw that Peter, who knew the place well, had availed himself of his knowledge, and dexterously avoiding it, had put the shark aground upon a spit of sand that ran out from the shore.

No sooner did the brute clear the shoal than he made for the reef. I had been so occupied with the stevedore's danger that I had not thought of myself. When I did the great black fin was sailing down rapidly towards me. To enable the reader to realize my situation more fully, I may say that the boat was floating gaily in the middle of the inlet, and was thus of no service, either to Peter or me. Thus, while on the one hand, my return was effectually cut off by the shark, I could not hope for any assistance from the shore. It is true the case was not so imminent as in the case of the stevedore, but my position was, nevertheless, one of extreme peril, and one from which I could see no means of escape.

Some horrible instinct seemed to have enabled the monster to scent me; for a few minutes after Peter's retreat he was floating close to me, gazing at me with his hideous eyes, and looking as though he was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to seize me. Death, painful and horrible, stared me in the face, and I could do nothing to escape from it.

I had retreated on to the highest part of the reef; but the position afforded little extra security, for when the rollers swept over it I was several times knocked off my feet, and once nearly precipitated into the very jaws of the shark.

I remained for sometime in fearful suspense, half paralyzed with terror, and uncertain what to do. The boat was pursuing a most erratic course, now carried one way, and now another, by the opposite currents of air. At one time it seemed floating towards me, and my spirits began to revive; but as soon as it got under the lee of the rocks it advanced no further, only bobbing and dancing before me, as if to cheat me with vain hopes. Then suddenly another flaw seized it, and carried it once more into the centre of the inlet. One time I thought of attempting to reach the point by wading across the reef; but I was uncertain as to the depth, and I feared when I got quite from under the lee of the high rocks the rollers would be too strong for me, so that idea was dismissed.

I could not keep my eyes from my terrible companion, which had continued to float almost motionless in the clear water before me. His eyes, dull and flaccid, yet so ferocious, seemed to follow my every movement. At intervals, as if to delude me, he would gradually fade away, sinking slowly, and without any motion of his body, till he almost disappeared from sight, and then without any perceptible effort, rose again like a cork to the surface. There he lay like a cat pretending to sleep, yet never taking its glance from its prey.

The tension of the muscles was so great to keep my footing, and I had been so long in the water, that I felt my strength could not last much longer, and I expected every minute to be swept from the reef. All hope, therefore, of escape, as far as any active measure on my part was concerned, was gone,—my trust was now in God; I could do nothing but await His will.

From this state of despondency I was awakened by a shout, and the next instant I was hauled into the boat.

What became of my enemy, or how I got clear of the inlet, I have no very definite idea. All I knew is that, making a bold dash, Peter succeeded in reaching the boat, and rescuing me. We were not long in dressing, and soon got back to the lagoon; and though only half an hour previous I had expected to be food for a shark, the idea had not taken away my appetite, for I enjoyed my dinner as well as if nothing had happened.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

We present in this number the first instalment of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's grand historical tale, Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings. We have selected this story not only on account of its historical value, but its dramatic interest as a tale. We believe that old and young will be delighted with it, especially those interested in knowing how our Saxon forefathers lived and acted. This number introduces us to Edward the Confessor—the "Monk King" as he is sometimes called, and to stern Duke William of Normandy, afterwards England's conqueror, also to the weird like Hilda the Danish Prophetess. Hilda is a descendant of the old Sea Kings who invaded England. She is, like many of her half-converted countrymen, a believer in a mixture of christianity and heathenism. Among other things, she holds to the ancient belief in incantations and the worship of the dead. William of Normandy—referred to in the first chapter—we meet with on a visit to the court of the pious Edward, secretly laying his plans for the throne of England. We shall notice and illustrate the story as we pass along.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 9.

ON PLUTONIC CHANGES IN THE STRATIFIED SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

[CONTINUED.]

While the heat is, by expansion, affecting and elevating rocks that are remote from it, it is acting with greater intensity upon the rocks that lie nearest to it. It is consequently found, that when the lower beds of the sedimentary rocks lie near enough to the fusing power of heat, they are the most altered by it, both in appearance and even in mineral, or lithological character.

This operation of subterranean heat in altering sedimentary rocks is not, in this lesson; to be mistaken for the action of volcanic intrusions, whether of granite, of basalt or of trap, to which future lessons will refer. Both actions are analogous to each other: but these lessons refer to very early changes in the earth's crust, and which might have been expected from the influence of intense melted matter, and from the effort of disengaged gases struggling to make their way through the porous rocks that overlay them.

The alteration which intense heat produces in a sedimentary rock, will always be according to the nature of the deposit of which it is formed. Shale, a laminated clay, will become so indurated and compact as almost to lose its slaty peculiarities. Argillaceous, or earthy limestone, will become granular and crystalline like the white marble of the statuary. The clays of the coal formations will appear like flinty or jaspery slate. Coal is turned into anthracite, or stone coal; and anthracite into coke. Chalk becomes crystallised marble; which has been verified by a chemist who applied intense heat to chalk, sealed in a gun-barrel. Thus then it is seen that the clay-slate used in roofing houses, is nothing but clay which has been subjected to strong heat under great pressure.

Though these kinds of alterations are remarkable, still greater ones may have been produced in proportion to the greater intensity of the fusing heat; or according to the length of time in which the action of heat continues. There are, for instance, in the extreme South of Norway, sedimentary rocks penetrated by a large mass of granite, which must have been protruded in a state of fusion. All about the mass of granite, the sedimentary beds are altered to the distance, from the once melted matter, of from fifty to four hundred yards. Before this took place, the shale or the schist consisted of green or chocolate colored layers of sediments; but the fused granite has changed these into ribboned jasper, like those which are found in the pebbles at Aberystwith, in South Wales,—specimens in which each stripe faithfully represents the original lines in which their various clays were deposited. The limestone of the neighborhood, which was originally of an earthy texture, and of a blue color, as it is still found at a distance from the granite, is become white granular marble. It is also remarkable that both the slate and the limestone of that rock contain garnets, and ores of iron, copper, lead, and silver.

In Cornwall, also, the fused granite has protruded veins into a rock, which the Cornish miners call "killas," a coarse argillaceous or earthy schist or slate,

a rock which has been altered by the heat of the fused matter, into hornblende schist. This operation is well developed both at St. Agnes, and St. Michael's mount in the Bay of Penzance. These and a thousand similar instances prove that powers exist in nature which are capable of transforming sedimentary and fossiliferous rocks into crystalline strata.

It has been intimated that in altering rocks, heat not only changes their appearance or aspect, but also gives them a new mineral character, and causes them, in some instances, to become identical with the melted rock which has changed them, though they themselves have not been melted. Chemists have proved by experiment, that a rock need not be perfectly melted before its component parts will re-arrange themselves,—that is before they crystallize, or take a new mineral character. Sedimentary rocks, therefore, may be completely altered, without having the lines of their stratification obliterated.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

WELL WISHER writes—Your interesting "Bistery Subject" gave rise again to a query that has often perplexed me. What is the cause of the continued difference in temperature at England, New York and California? They are all adjacent to oceans, are in nearly the same latitude, and according to a sea-level, are at about the same altitude. We can reason out causes for inland places varying, and you would oblige if you can give us a reason for the variations at such places as above mentioned.

We think "Well Wisher's" difficulty may be explained to a great degree by the difference of latitude between these places, which we think he has not taken sufficiently into account. The centre portion of England is in latitude 53. New York lies within a fraction of 41 and San Francisco at about latitude 37. Roughly averaging 60 miles to a degree, New York is about 700 miles south of the centre of England while San Francisco is nearly 1000 miles south of the same line. When our correspondents consider the difference in temperature between our Dixie, only 400 miles south, and his city, he will see that 700 or 1000 miles is sufficient to account for a great deal of the difference he refers to. Great Britain occupies the same degree of latitude as the inclement coast of Labrador, Scotland is no further north than wintry Alaska. England would exhibit a much greater difference between itself and New York but for the warming of its waters by the Gulf Stream.

LADIES' TABLE.

RHUBARB AND ITS USES.

As the season when rhubarb is abundant is now at hand, we therefore subjoin some directions for its employment in various modes from the pens of correspondents who have tested the recipes:

'RHUBARB WINE.—To make this the rhubarb must be quite ripe; to every gallon of rain water boiling, cut 8-lb of rhubarb into thin slices, put it into your pan or tub, cover it close with a thick cloth or blanket, and stir it three times a day for a week; then strain it through a cloth, and add 4-lb of lump sugar, the juice of two lemons, and the rind of one. To fine it take one ounce of isinglass or gelatine and one pint of the liquor, and melt it over the fire; be sure you do not add it to the rest of the liquor till quite cold; then cask it. When the fermentation is over, bung it down. Bottle in March, and the following June it will be fit for use. The present time will do to make it, but a month later is better.

—To every 5-lb. of rhubarb stalk, when sliced and bruised, put one gallon of cold spring water; let it stand three days, stirred two or three times every day; then press and strain it through a sieve, and to every gallon of liquor put 3½ lb of loaf sugar; stir it well, and when melted barrel it. When it has done working bung it up close, first suspending a muslin bag with isinglass from the bung into the barrel (say 2oz. for 15 gallons). In six months bottle it and wire them; let the bottles stand up for the first month, then lay four or five down lengthways for a week, and if none burst, all may be laid down. Should a large quantity be made it must remain longer in cask. I have just bottled a quarter-cask of rhubarb wine made by the above recipe, which is pronounced much better than half the champagne one gets.

—To make 'British champagne,' take 18 lb of rhubarb, cut into small pieces, put them with 20 gallons of soft water in a copper, and boil them till soft; then strain them through a sieve, then add to it five or six handfuls of balm from the garden, or dried. To every gallon of liquor put three pounds of lump sugar and half a pound of Malaga raisins chopped; and when lukewarm put it into the barrel, and in three weeks stop it down. In six months bottle it. It will be fit to use in three months, or it will keep twenty years. You may make it a pink color by adding a pint of damson juice.